

Revenge at Last

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That night the clouds raced past the full moon and a wolf howled in the distance. The bare tree branches rattled in the cold wind. Kenny and Allison were hurrying home with full bags of trick-or-treat candy, when they passed by the old Comstock mansion. The old house had been deserted for 30 years and some say it was haunted, so they were surprised to see a light in the window of the tower.

The children debated whether to run home, or to investigate the mysterious light. They decided someone might need help, so they pushed through the overgrown bushes in the yard and climbed up the rickety old steps to the front door. The wind squeaked a loose shutter and banged it against the house. Kenny knocked loudly on the door several times, but no one answered. He tried the door knob, and to his surprise, it was not locked. The door creaked open slowly, revealing a dusty room filled with furniture draped ghost-like in white sheets.

Both children gulped and could hear their own hearts pounding in their chests. They were about to turn and run home, when they heard mournful organ music floating down the grand staircase. Kenny called out, "Is anybody there?" The only answer was the organ music and a faint sobbing sound. "Someone must be hurt. I hear crying." Allison said, and they both took a step up the squeaky stairs.

They climbed up to the second floor, then the third, and the higher they climbed the louder the organ music and sobbing became. Now they could see the lantern lighting the tower room and hear the moans clearly. They entered the tower room and saw a very, very old lady with thin blotchy skin stretched tightly over protruding bones and stringy long hair reaching down to the floor. She sensed their presence and the organ stopped abruptly. She peered her blood shot eyes at them, and said, "So you finally came back after all these years!"

"What?" they said in unison.

"Thirty years ago I locked you in the basement closet, and you screamed that you'd get revenge. Now I see you've come for me."

"I don't know what you're talking about," Allison said, "I'm only eleven."

The old woman shrieked, "Well, don't think I'm not prepared for you!" With that she grabbed the lantern and swung it violently at Kenny. He ducked just in time, and the old woman missed, lost her balance, and fell to the floor. The lantern landed on top of her and broke, spilling kerosene over her and instantly setting her and the room on fire. Kenny and Allison tried to help, but the old dry wood seemed to explode in flames. With coughing and stinging eyes, Kenny and Allison stumbled down the stairs and ran out to the street. They turned to see the skeletal lady dancing her final tarantella, then disappearing as the entire house collapsed in a towering inferno.

The next morning, Kenny and Allison told the firemen and police about the old lady and what she had said about locking them in the basement. The police dug through the rubble and were shocked at what they found chained to a closet wall: the skeletons of two children missing since Halloween night thirty years ago.